A FLOWER WEDDING

DECORATED BY WALTER CRANE

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Yours sincerely,
A FLOWER WEDDING

DESCRIBED BY
TWO WALLFLOWERS
DECORATED BY
WALTER CRANE

CASSELL & COMPANY 1905
A FLOWER WEDDING

Yes, flower bells rang right merry that day,
When there was a marriage of flowers,
they say.
Young LAD'S LOVE had courted Miss Meadow.
And the two soon agreed at the Altar Sweet,
to meet.
A lily white robe was worn by the 

And [B]ride, 

Sweet William, 

the [G]room, drest in 

red, at her side.
Miss Violet, Primrose, and gay Marygold, with their ladies' fingers did uphold.
In LADYSMOCKS, Bridesmaids, FORGET-ME-NOT blue,
With their sashes all tied in LOVE-KNOT TRUE.
The Bride's Mother follows with loving Eyebright, All in Wintergreen and fine Furze bedight.
Whilst her father looked young, though with Old Man's Beard.
Was a Dandelion in youth I have heard.)
The troth was plighted for woe or
And the lines attested by Solomon's
Seal:
The Bachelor's Button was cast aside.
And the throng that witnessed was London's Pride.
There was **good King Henry**, & tall **Jonquil**.
Like Narcissus himself by the waters still;
There were Lords & Ladies to grace the dance,
And ROSEMARY, and—
ROSE LA FRANCE:
With his **Golden Rod**
the SWEET SULTAN came;
Lastly, Creeping Jenny, an elderly dame
To order the feast—there was LING, and HARTSTONGUE,
And Goosefoot with Sage, the House-leek among
Very sweet peas, & good cherry pie,
Such a feast as an alderman could not deny!
In lovely KING-CUPS there was CHAMOMILE TEA.
And the fortune in gifts was a wonder to see!

A new Penny-Royal,
A fine golden feather.
A pair of Horse-chestnuts,
a Jacob's Ladder,
Venus's Looking Glass,
a fine Arrow-head
Discovered long since in the river's bed;
Garments of Flax,
and a **Lady's Cushion**;
Hose-in-hose, Lady's slippers to put on.
Buttercups gold, and a Pitcher.

Nay, everything that a house plant could want.
In Venus's Fly-Trap the pair drove away.
"Speedwell, and be happy," their friends daily say;
But alack! what a hubbub when one chanced to find

The Bride's only Box

was there left behind!
The wild thyme they had, and the fuss kept the guests in a rout thro' the deadly nightshade.
But the clocks ticked apart to the ope of snowflakes were fast falling when all said good-bye.
With regrets for "that box,"—yet they need not to stint,

For the Bridegroom was rich, he'd a post at the Mint.